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Morris Bishop

“This song must I sing,
 Whatever else I covet—
Hear the end of my song,
 Hear the beginning of it:
‘More bitter than death the woman
 (Beside me still she stands)
Whose heart is snares and nets,
 And whose hands are bands.’”

A NEW HAMPSHIRE BOY

Under Monadnock,
 Fold on fold,
The world's fat kingdoms
 Lie unrolled.

Far in the blue south
 City-smoke, swirled,
Marks the dwellings
 Of the kings of the world.

Old kings and broken,
 Soon to die,
Once you had little,
 As little as I.

Smoke of the city,
 Blow in my eyes—

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Blind me a little,
Make me wise.

Dust of the city,
Blow and gust—
Make me, like all men,
Color of dust.

I stand on Monadnock,
And seem to see
Brown and purple kingdoms
Offered to me.

Morris Bishop

ROADS

You who have made the ancient road of turf,
That my feet might pass over it
Into the level evening—
Make now the ancient road of tears
That my song may pass over it;
Make the ancient road of song
That my ghost may pass over it,
Coming with the new earth.

Sarah Unna